DC

CARTOON NETWORK

#37 AUG '00

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

SCOOBY-DOO!

LIKE, I HATE THIS GAME!

STATON & HUNT

BEE BALL!

RIGHT THIS WAY, THE MAYOR WILL SEE YOU NOW.

THANK YOU.

YES, YES. PLEASE COME IN. I CAN'T WAIT TO MEET MYSTERY INCORPORATED. THERE HAVE BEEN A FEW STRANGE OCCURRENCES IN TOWN LATELY. I KNOW OF YOUR WORK, AND I'M HOPING YOU CAN HELP US.

MAYOR

WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

WELL, YOU SEE, THERE ARE RUMORS REGARDING BEES.

BEES? THAT'S NOT A PROBLEM FOR MYSTERY INCORPORATED.

THERE HAVE BEEN SIGHTINGS OF VERY LARGE BEES IN TOWN--AND THE RUMOR GOING AROUND IS THAT THE LOCAL BEEKEEPER IS A MAD SCIENTIST CREATING A BREED OF GIANT, MUTANT, KILLER BEES.

THAT'S *DEFINITELY* NOT A PROBLEM FOR MYSTERY INCORPORATED!

BZZZZZZZZZZZZ

WHAT WAS THAT!?

BEE BALL!

HOLY SMOKES! THERE THEY ARE NOW!

QUICK! LET'S TRY TO CATCH UP TO THEM! WE'LL SOLVE YOUR MYSTERY, MAYOR.

OR GET STUNG TRYING!

BZZZZZZ

AUAIK TYLEA • writer JOE STATON • penciis
DAVE HUNT• Inks JOHN COSTANZA• letters
PAUL BECTON• colors HARVEY RICHAADS• asst editor
JOAN HILTY• editor

EVERYBODY IN! LET'S GET THOSE BEES--BUT LET'S TRY NOT TO GET STUNG.

LIKE, MAKE UP YOUR MIND. I DON'T THINK YOU CAN HAVE IT BOTH WAYS!

THE MYSTERY MACHINE

THERE IT IS.

WOW! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THOSE BEES!

THEY'RE AS BIG AS SWALLOWS--AS BUZZARDS!

THEY'RE BIG ENOUGH TO *SWALLOW* BUZZARDS!

HE'S TURNING!

WAIT! HE'S STOPPING!

BLEECH! HE'S TURNING, ALL RIGHT-- HE'S TURNING OUR VAN INTO A DIRTY MESS.

LIKE-- THEY MUST HAVE GOT HIM!

ARE YOU OKAY?

I'M GROOVY, MAN! THIS FALLEN TREE DIDN'T GET ME, AND NEITHER DID THOSE CRAZY FREAKED-OUT *GIANT BEES*. YOU SAW THEM, RIGHT? I DIDN'T IMAGINE THEM, DID I?

NO. IN FACT, THERE THEY GO NOW! HEADED OVER THAT HILL.

THEY'RE HEADED FOR A BEE FARM!

WERNER'S BEE FARM

IT'S HIM! IT'S THE BEEKEEPER! HE'S USING THAT LAND TO MESS WITH THE LAWS OF NATURE! HE'S MAKING KILLER MUTANT BEE THINGIES TO DESTROY US ALL!

WAIT--COULD WE ASK YOU A COUPLE OF QUESTIONS?

BROTHER MAN, I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE BEFORE THOSE BEES COME BACK. IF YOU'RE SMART, YOU'LL DO THE SAME THING.

WELL, HE DIDN'T MOVE FAST ENOUGH NOT TO *SHED* ON ME.

DO WE GO SEE THE BEE KEEPER, OR DO WE GO BACK TO THE MAYOR'S?

THE MAYOR'S, I GUESS.

RETS RO RET REETZA, ROO!

YEAH, SCOOB--PIZZA SOUNDS GREAT!

HEY, WHAT'S THAT ON THE MYSTERY MACHINE'S HEADLIGHT?

IT'S A VINYL STICKER-- THE PAINT JOB ON THE VAN WAS A FAKE!

FREDDY, LET ME SEE ONE OF THOSE HAIRS THAT GOT STUCK ON YOU.

IT'S FAKE TOO!

IT'S A CLUE! THAT GUY WAS WEARING A WIG! NOW, IF WE ADD BEES AND HAIR TOGETHER WHAT DO WE GET?

A BUZZ CUT?

WAIT! NOW LOOK AT THIS! THERE ARE BOOTPRINTS AND CIGAR BUTTS BEHIND THIS HEDGE.

AND THIS TREE DIDN'T FALL--IT WAS *CHOPPED DOWN!*

LIKE, YOU'RE SAYING THAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR A CIGAR-SMOKING LUMBERJACK?

NO. I'M SAYING THAT THIS TREE WAS PLACED HERE ON PURPOSE, AND THAT SOMEONE STAYED BEHIND THIS BUSH LONG ENOUGH TO SMOKE TWO CIGARS. MY GUESS IS THEY WERE *WAITING* FOR THAT VAN.

LIKE, WHICH VAN-- OURS OR THEIRS?

THEIRS-- SINCE THEY DIDN'T KNOW OURS WAS COMING.

RIGHT! DID YOU EVER THINK THE LUMBERJACK MIGHT HAVE DROPPED THE CIGARS BECAUSE WE SURPRISED HIM!?

UH--NO, SHAGGY. I HONESTLY NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT.

OKAY, GANG, THAT GUY MUST BE THE LUMBERJACK-- I MEAN THE BEEKEEPER. THANKS A LOT, SHAGGY, NOW YOU'VE GOT ME SAYING IT!

HELLO, MR WERNER? CAN WE TALK TO YOU?

WHAT ABOUT?

ABOUT MUTANT BEES TERRORIZING THE TOWNSHIP, AND ABOUT FALLEN TREES BLOCKING THE ROAD UP HERE, AND CIGAR-SMOKING LUMBERJACKS.

THE ROAD IS BLOCKED, YOU SAY? I CAN'T HAVE THAT. I HAVE CUSTOMERS PICKING UP THEIR HONEY ORDERS. I NEED THAT ROAD CLEAR!

WHAT ABOUT OUR QUESTIONS?

I'VE GOT ROOM IN THE TRUCK. COME ALONG.

ROTS ROF REES, RAGGY.

YEAH, LIKE MAYBE WE SHOULD RIDE ON THE HOOD.

NOW I CAN TELL YOU THAT THERE ARE NO MUTANT BEES ON MY FARM-- BUT WHAT'S THIS ABOUT A LUMBERJACK?

ACTUALLY, IT'S *NOTHING* ABOUT A LUMBERJACK-- WE WANTED TO KNOW IF YOU SMOKE.

I USED TO, BUT I QUIT OVER TEN YEARS AGO. ANYTHING ELSE?

WELL, HAS THERE BEEN ANY UNUSUAL INTEREST IN YOUR FARM LATELY?

I HAVE LAKEFRONT PROPERTY. THERE'S *ALWAYS* INTEREST IN MY FARM.

PURPLE HAYES
HOLISTIC COMMUNE DEVELOPMENT
WORLD'S WEALTH
UNITED STATES
FEDERAL DEPA
of
PARKS
HERE ARE THE THREE MOST RECENT COMPANIES TO EXPRESS AN INTEREST IN MY LAND. BUT I REFUSE TO SELL!
DO YOU THINK MY NOT SELLING MY LAND HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE MUTANT BEE SIGHTINGS?
WELL, WE DON'T KNOW, BUT A LOT OF OUR CASES SEEM TO INVOLVE FAKE MONSTERS AND LAND DEALS.
YEAH--ALL THE ONES THAT DON'T INVOLVE *REAL* MONSTERS AND LAND DEALS.
ROR REETZA RIES RAND RAND REALS!
HELLPPP!!
WHAT WAS THAT?!
BEES! BEES! HUGE, GIGANTIC BEES! RIGHT HERE! DR. WERNER IS CREATING THEM AND THEY'VE BROKEN LOOSE!
DR. WERNER?
THEY WERE HUGE! THEY FLEW RIGHT PAST MY HEAD! THEY WERE BIG AND ROUND AND LOUD AND...
YOU'VE GOT TO BE CRAZY TO THINK WE'D FALL FOR THIS AGAIN. OKAY. OFF WITH THE DIS...

...GUISE!

UHM, ER, BECAUSE I THOUGHT YOU WERE... PULLING MY LEG!

OWWW!

WHY'D YOU PULL MY NOSE?

DID YOU SEE ANY OTHER VEHICLES AROUND? LIKE A FLOWERED VAN?

NO, BUT I SAW A FANCY LIMOUSINE WITH A BEAUTIFUL MODEL DRIVING IT. SHE'S THE ONE WHO TOLD ME ALL ABOUT THE MAD BEE DOCTOR! I WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

YOU SEEM PRETTY UPSET. PLEASE RIDE CAREFULLY.

WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY IF WE'RE GOING TO CATCH UP.

THERE IT IS! A LIMOUSINE, JUST LIKE SHE SAID!

CAN YOU SEE THE BEES?

NO. NOT YET.

WELL, I'LL BE! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THOSE THINGS! THEY'RE AS BIG AS THROW-RUGS--AS *SUITCASES!*

THEY'RE BIG ENOUGH TO *THROW* RUGS *OVER* SUIT-CASES!

HEY! THEY SPLIT UP!

I SAY WE FOLLOW THE BEES!

THAT'S WHAT I THINK TOO!

YIKES! WHAT HAPPENED? THIS PLACE SURE TURNED GLOOMY FAST.

THIS IS A CASE OF A LAND DEAL LOOKING FOR A GHOST.

WEIRD, LOOK AT ALL THE *SPORTS EQUIPMENT*. BUT NO SIGN OF THE *BEES*.'

LET'S HAVE A LOOK AROUND.

EVERYTHING IS ADVANCING AS WE HAD HOPED!

YES, AND TONIGHT WE BEGIN PLAN "B"--HEH, HEH, HEH... I LOVE SAYING THAT!

YEAH, WAIT UNTIL THE TOWNSPEOPLE GET A LOAD OF US... HEY, WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?

INTRUDERS! GET 'EM!

UH OH!

SWOOOSH

LOOK OUT, GANG!

IS IT SAFE YET?

SAFE AS A BASE ON BALLS.

LET ME DEMON-STRATE...

...WITH THIS PITCHING MACHINE!

BOING

PAK!

BOING

PAK!

BOING PAK!

WHAT DO YOU KNOW? TEN PITCHES-- ALL HITS!

GET THEM! GET THEM!

RUN, RAGGY!

THIS WAY, SCOOB!

HEY, SCOOBY! LOOK OUT!

RAH! RORRY, RAGGY!

HONEY

BZZZZZZZZZZ

JUMP, SCOOB!

ROOOOF!

RIPES! RE'RE RAIRBORNE!

LIKE, I DON'T REALLY WANT TO CHASE THEM!

BUT IT LOOKS LIKE THE REAL BEES DO!

BZZZZZZZ

RUN FASTER! RUN FASTER!

YEEEEOWWW!

OOOFF

BOING!

HEY, WATCH OUT! OOOOO-FFFF!

I'M STUCK! I'M STUCK! GET THESE THINGS AWAY FROM ME!

IF I COULD... ONLY... GET THIS TO... GIVE A LITTLE...

BOWLING BALLS

KEEP TRYING! I'VE GOT YOU COVERED!

THERE! I'VE GOT IT!

RRUUMMMBLE

YALP!

WE CAUGHT THEM BOTH!

NOW LET'S SEE WHO'S BEHIND THIS.

NOT SO FAST, YOU MEDDLING BRATS!

WHAT? WE'VE BEEN CAPTURED!

YOU SHOULD HAVE SOLD ME YOUR FARM WHEN YOU HAD THE CHANCE, WERNER! BY THE TIME MY BEES AND I GET THROUGH TERRORIZING YORKVILLE AND BLAMING IT ON YOU, YOU'LL BE ONLY TOO GLAD TO SELL!

THEN I WILL BE FREE TO BUILD MY LAKEFRONT SPORTS AND GAMING COMPLEX! I'LL BE RICH!

YOU MEAN "WE'LL" BE RICH!

WHATEVER. WHATEVER.

LIKE... HEADS UP!

BONK

OOF!

YOU FREED US, SHAGGY!

WHY, THAT'S THE SAME WIG FROM THE HIPPIE DISGUISE.

SPLAK

"ONE"

IT IS! NOW LET'S SEE WHO'S UNDER IT!

IT'S THE MAYOR'S SECRETARY!

SO I DISGUISED MYSELF. SO I HAD GOONS USE REMOTE-CONTROLLED BEE PUPPETS, SO I WANTED TO TURN A BEAUTIFUL LAKE INTO A COMMERCIAL EYESORE. SO I TERRORIZED THE TOWN. IS THAT REALLY SO WRONG?

FRANKLY, YES. YOU ARE DECEITFUL, HURTFUL, AND CRUEL. AND I INTEND TO SEE THAT YOU ANSWER FOR YOUR MISDEEDS.

DO YOU SEE WHAT YOU KIDS DID? NOW I'M IN *TROUBLE*. YOU ROTTEN MEDDLING BRATS! I WOULD HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH THIS IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU!

GROW UP.

I'M SO HAPPY! I'LL GET TO KEEP MY FARM *AND* MY GOOD NAME! YOU KIDS CAN HELP YOURSELF TO ALL THE HONEY YOU WANT!

HA HA HA

UHM... WE ALREADY *HAD* ALL THE HONEY WE WANT-- NOW WE'D JUST LIKE TO KNOW HOW TO GET THESE HONEYCOMBS OFF OUR LIPS.

THE End

WELCOME TO MAIZE FIELD, HOME TO THE NEBRASKA CORNDOGS!

IT'S NICE TO BE ABLE TO SIT DOWN AND *ENJOY* OURSELVES INSTEAD OF CHASING AFTER GHOULS AND GOBLINS.

YOU SAID IT, DAPHNE. WE'VE BEEN SO BUSY I HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO KEEP UP WITH MY FAVORITE BASEBALL TEAM, THE NEBRASKA CORNDOGS.

THE SLAMMERS

THAT'S FUNNY...

...'CAUSE NEBRASKA CORN-DOGS ARE MY FAVORITE FOOD. HEH, HEH.

RHEE-HEE!

THE CORNDOGS ARE ALMOST IN THE PLAYOFFS. THEY'RE TWO GAMES AHEAD OF THE CLOSEST-RANKING TEAM BEHIND THEM, THE BERMUDA TRIANGLES.

IT SAYS HERE THAT THE CORNDOGS' STAR PITCHER "SPANKY" SCHULTZ IS PITCHING TONIGHT...

...BUT THAT'S HECTOR MARTINEZ OUT ON THE MOUND.

I WONDER WHY?

HAVEN'T YOU HEARD ABOUT THE *CURSE*?

CURSE?

YEAH, A *WITCH* PUT A CURSE ON SPANKY. HE COULDN'T THROW A DECENT PITCH AFTER THAT, SO HE'S BENCHED.

THAT'S WHY THEY'RE ONLY TWO GAMES AHEAD OF THE TRIANGLES INSTEAD OF *FIVE*.

DOGS

A WITCH?

WHICH WITCH?

THAT WITCH!

ZOINKS!

WITCH PITCH

HECTOR MARTINEZ...

SINCE YOU DARE STAND IN FOR SPANKY SCHULTZ, UPON WHOM I PLACED A MOST DIRE CURSE...

...SO DO I THEN PLACE THE SAME CURSE ON YOU!

JOHN ROZUM • WRITER
CAMERON STEWART • PENCILLER
ANDREW PEPOY • INKER
JOHN COSTANZA • LETTER
PAUL BECTON • COLORIST
HARVEY RICHARDS • ASSISTANT EDITOR
JOAN HILTY • EDITOR

FROM THIS DAY FORWARD, HECTOR MARTINEZ, YOUR AIM SHALL NO LONGER BE **TRUE**...

...AND ANY BALL YOU THROW WILL FALL FAR AFIELD FROM WHERE YOU AIM IT!

NO!... PLEASE!

HA HA HA HA HA

THAT SINKS US!

MESSICK

21

WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE WE'LL BE CHASING A WITCH THIS TIME.

SO MUCH FOR A RELAXING EVENING!

CRAK!

IT'S OUTTA HERE!

CORNDOGS 4 SLAMMERS 2

CORNDOGS 4 SLAMMERS 3

CRACK!

WELKER 10

IT'S OUTTA HERE!

PAK!

IT'S OUTTA HERE!

CORNDOGS 4 SLAMMERS 9

CORNDOGS SLAMMERS
4 10

CORN DOGS

ZOINKS! THAT WITCH SURE PUT THE WHAMMY ON YOUR TEAM, FREDDIE.

THEY'LL NEVER MAKE THE PLAYOFFS NOW.

NOT IF WE DON'T GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS MYSTERY, THEY WON'T.

EXIT

YOU'RE RIGHT, VELMA.

TAKE A LOOK AROUND THE PLAYING FIELD WITH DAPHNE. SEE IF YOU CAN FIND ANY CLUES.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

SHAGGY AND SCOOBY WILL GO WITH ME TO INTERVIEW THE PLAYERS IN THE LOCKER ROOM.

GAT

LIKE, FRED, WHAT SAY SCOOBY AND I CHECK OUT THE CONCESSION STANDS IN CASE ANY OF THE VENDORS SAW ANYTHING?

THE ONLY THING THOSE VENDORS ARE LIKELY TO SEE IS THEIR STOCK DISAPPEARING INTO YOURS AND SCOOBY'S STOMACHS.

C'MON.

SO, HECTOR--NEITHER YOU NOR SPANKY HAS ANY IDEA OF WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?

ONLY THAT THE WITCH CURSED ME FOR FILLING IN FOR SPANKY.

SCHULTZ

MARTINEZ

AND SHE NEVER EVEN ACCUSED *ME* OF ANYTHING... JUST FLEW UP AND CURSED ME TO PITCH TO THE OPPOSING TEAM'S ADVANTAGE.

NOW ODIE CUNNINGHAM HERE IS THE ONLY PITCHER WE HAVE LEFT FOR TOMORROW'S GAME.

NO! NO WAY AM I GETTING MIXED UP WITH ANY WITCH! I'M JUST A ROOKIE, AND IF I BLOW THIS SEASON...

...IT'S BACK TO THE MINOR LEAGUES FOR ME!

DON'T WORRY, ODIE. I HAVE A PLAN FOR THROWING THE WITCH A *CURVE BALL.*

HEY, DIDN'T YOU COME IN HERE WITH SOME SKINNY FELLA AND A BIG DOG?

YEAH... HEY! WHERE DID THOSE TWO DISAPPEAR TO NOW?

LIKE, THE VENDOR SEEMS TO HAVE HEADED HOME. SINCE HE'S NOT HERE, WE'D BETTER START CHECKING OUT HIS SUPPLIES.

YOU START WITH THE PRETZELS, I'LL WORK ON THE HOT DOGS. THEN WE'LL SWITCH- HIT!

ROOD RINKIN', RAGGY. :SLURP:

THIS IS ABOUT WHERE THE WITCH MADE HER APPEARANCE. DO YOU SEE ANYTHING STRANGE?

THOSE TWO WIRES LOOK PRETTY STRANGE TO ME!

HMMM. EARLIER THIS SEASON, THEY TRIED TO RUN AN OVERHEAD TELEVISION CAMERA FROM UP THERE. BUT STOPPED USING IT BECAUSE IT INTERFERED WITH FLY BALLS.

BUT WHAT KIND OF CAMERA NEEDS A HARNESS WITH *ARM-HOLES* IN IT?

OUR FIRST CLUE!

AND HERE'S OUR SECOND CLUE. SOME *BROOM* STRAW AND A *SMOKE BOMB*.

DID YOU FIND THOSE IN THE SLAMMERS' LOCKER ROOM?

NO, THEY WERE IN A UTILITY CLOSET. THE SLAMMERS WEREN'T BEHIND THIS-- BUT I THINK I KNOW WHO IS!

WHO, FRED?

YOU'LL FIND OUT TOMORROW-- WHEN THE WITCH RETURNS!

OOOHHHH...

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU TWO? DID YOU DISCOVER ANYTHING?

BOY, DID WE.

DON'T EAT RELISH OUT OF A JAR WITH AN EXPIRATION DATE THAT WAS SIX MONTHS AGO.

THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...

MAIZE FIELD
HOME OF THE NEBRASKA CORNDOGS

PLAYING TONIGHT
CORNDOGS VS. ISOTOPES

THE MYSTERY MACHINE

IT'S THE NINTH INNING, AND THE CORNDOGS ARE ON THE MOUND AND AHEAD BY TWO POINTS. SO, IF MY HUNCH IS CORRECT...

...OUR WITCH SHOULD BE MAKING AN APPEARANCE RIGHT ABOUT...

...NOW!

ODIE CUNNINGHAM...

CUNNINGHAM 30

...LIKE YOUR FELLOW PITCHERS, I CURSE YOU TO PITCH OFF TARGET!

ZOINKS!

HA HA HA HA HA

DON'T WORRY, ODIE. REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU TO DO!

GOTCHA, FRED.

HEY, PAL, WHO RETIRED AND MADE YOU THE COACH OF THIS TEAM? IT SURE WASN'T ME!

TRUST ME JUST THIS ONCE, COACH!

NOW, IF I JUST THROW HIM AN EASY PITCH THAT HE CAN'T POSSIBLY MISS...

WOOSH!

STEE-RIKE!

IT WORKED!

NOOO!!!

IT SURE DID-- AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHY.

LIKE, FRED, THERE'S GOT TO BE A CLOSER PEANUT VENDOR THAN WAY UP THERE...

ONE WITCH...

... COMING RIGHT DOWN!

THERE'S YOUR WITCH!

HEY, SHE'S HARNESSED TO THE OLD CAMERA WIRES-- SHE CAN'T FLY AT ALL! WHAT KIND OF WITCH IS SHE?

A FAKE ONE!

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE CURSE?

THERE WAS NEVER ANY CURSE. SPANKY AND HECTOR FELL VICTIM TO THE POWER OF *SUGGESTION*. IT WAS EASY, SINCE SPORTS PLAYERS ALREADY TEND TO BELIEVE IN LUCKY OR UNLUCKY CHARMS.

LIKE EATING ONLY CHICKEN ON THE DAY OF A GAME, OR SPITTING ON YOUR HANDS BEFORE GOING TO BAT.

I USED THE SAME TRICK TO GET YOU TO THROW A STRIKE, ODIE.

I TOLD YOU TO THROW AN *EASY* PITCH, KNOWING THE WITCH WOULD SAY THAT YOU COULDN'T THROW WHERE YOU WANTED TO-- AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED!

BUT WHO IS *SHE*?

A HIRED CON-ARTIST. HER PARTNER'S TIED UP IN THE CONTROL BOOTH.

THE MANAGERS OF THE BERMUDA TRIANGLES HIRED THEM TO MAKE YOU THROW YOUR GAMES...

...SO *THEY'D* BE IN THE PLAYOFFS INSTEAD OF YOU.

IT WOULD HAVE WORKED, TOO, IF YOU MEDDLING KIDS HADN'T COME ALONG.

IT'S A GOOD THING YOU *DID* COME ALONG. ODIE WAS THE LAST PITCHER WE HAD.

WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE YOU JUST SIGNED UP A NEW ROOKIE!

HA HA HA HA HA

The End

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"